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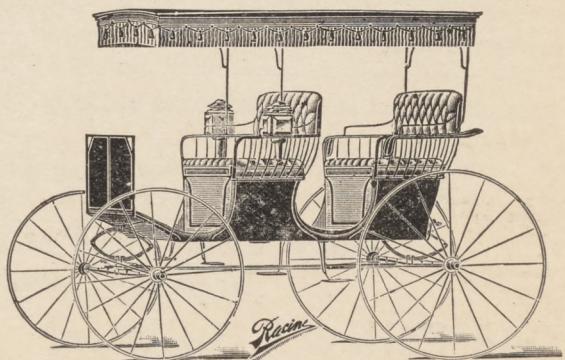
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- - - Healdsburg

The Sotoyoman



VOL. III

HEALDSBURG, CAL., OCTOBER 1907

NO. 1

HIS MADONNA.

KATHLEEN SWISHER, '10.

Picture a beautiful valley, the birds singing, the little brook babbling on its way, the flowers blooming. Picture a vine-covered cottage under shady trees in the midst of this paradise. Picture a sweet-faced mother tearfully bidding her only son farewell as he leaves these Elysium fields to go into the wide, wide world to win honor, wealth and fame.

This young adventurer is Douglas Carrington, who is departing from the humble home of his childhood to journey to Europe. Here he intends to pursue art, and some day make his mother proud of her son—the only child living of a once large family. As he leaves his home and passes through the valley to the village to board his train for New York, tears fill his large brown eyes. But bravely forcing them away he smiles back at his mother and is soon lost from her sight. The birds warble and the brook sings its plaintive song—but the sunshine of that mother's life has gone, leaving her in sadness.

Months pass and many times the post-mistress passes the little mother letters with

the Parisian postmark. In her home alone she eagerly reads the contents of her darling's letters, in which he tells her of his life in Paris and of many of his works which have been successes.

Winter snows cover the valleys and hill tops and through all Mrs. Carrington each week trudges to the little post office. Happy and triumphant when she receives missives; sad and depressed when none come for weeks, and even months, at a time.

Once more spring is ushered in and the place is as beautiful and picturesque as the year before when Douglas Carrington left. But it brings sadness to the heart of the lonely mother, for she has received no message from her son for many and many a day. She repeatedly writes, but no answer comes to cheer and comfort the expectant one. Her step becomes slower, her eyes dimmer, and her sweet, beautiful face wan and thin—for she thinks the gay life of the distant city is robbing her of her only hope and joy.

* * * * *

But in the meanwhile what is happening

to Douglas? He is still faithfully studying in the museum of arts and is very popular, as his works often receive great mention.

Once, during the tedious months, the students are thrown into excitement by the arrival of Mr. Browning, a noted English professor, who announces that he is to offer a large sum of money at the graduation exercises in May to the student who paints the most beautiful and realistic "Madonna." Many aspirants enter the contest, and among the number is our hero.

One evening a few days after the arrival of Mr. Browning Douglas is alone in his room, idly sitting near his easel, with a beautiful picture before him. It is only half finished and is due the purchaser—his thoughts are not of it, but of his home in the United States.

"Poor little mother," he unconsciously whispers, "I know I am neglecting her, but in a few months I'll make her proud of me, and perhaps that will atone for my negligence." His train of thoughts were interrupted by the coming of a crowd of students who noisily took possession of the room.

"Hello, Carrington," said the foremost one, "we's good news for you."

"Well that's good, boys, sit down and tell it all," replied Douglas, waving his hand toward a divan and some chairs.

When all were seated they began relating the "jolly good piece of luck," as they expressed it. The professor had decided to give all the contestants a leave of absence of a week in order that they might visit the art galleries and museums and get "pointers." They were to go the next morning for the first time, and before leaving had secured Douglas' promise to accompany them.

The next day found the Louvre crowded with students, each one eagerly getting all the information that could be had. Toward

afternoon, after a hard day's work, for it was indeed hard, Douglas sat in a cool hallway waiting for a friend and resting. Scarcely had he become seated, when he dropped off to sleep. In his dreams a picture came vividly before him:

A valley cool and verdant, the flowers blossoming, and in the midst by the little brook, the ivy-covered cottage of his youth. In the doorway stands a woman, beautiful, with large, dark, sad eyes, and sweet sensitive features; and in the dream she stretches forth her arms, calling, calling to him.

He awoke with a start, but the dream seemed so realistic he felt dazed, and stared absently into vacancy but with a tender look in his eyes. The face in the dream haunted him, and when the students aroused him to move on he was quiet and silent, for a purpose was forming in his mind.

A few months remained before the graduation exercises, and it found everyone diligently working on his piece of art. Late at night and early in the morning they toiled—our hero one of the busiest.

At last the twentieth of May came—the day of the commencement and also when the prize was to be awarded. Thousands of people were present, as the contest had aroused no little interest. When the diplomas were given it was very noticeable that Douglas Carrington was pale and agitated—but everyone attributed it to overwork. The real trouble was this: he had taken for his model his own dear mother from the dream he had had. He had worked so hard on it, hoping to win the prize—not for the honor of himself, but for his mother. For some reason or other it was not up to the standard he had wished, and he was very much afraid it would not be recognized at all.

But as the judges looked over them all and lingered before this one, Mr. Browning

knew who the winner would be. For his "Madonna," a beautiful, sad-eyed woman looked down so naturally upon the crowd from the canvas, touched everyone. When Mr. Carrington was pronounced the victor, cheer after cheer rent the hall, as he was well known and admired by all.

Douglas came before the judges and audience, but before he was hardly in sight, "A speech," "a speech," from the winner was requested. Slowly walking to the front of the platform and proudly throwing back his head, with a tender yet eloquent voice he addressed the people.

"Friends and fellow-students, my heart is too full with happiness to express my gratitude and thanks to all for pronouncing my work the best. My only sorrow mixed with my happiness is that others could not have received the prize, and I think many have worked diligently and have to-day presented masterpieces. I am glad that I have won,

not for my own sake, but for one others. Again I thank you for honoring my "Madonna," for to me it is the most beautiful of women—my mother."

As he bowed and left the stage tears sprang to the eyes of many—for they saw that this young man, though tempted by the allurements of Paris still loved and held in reverence his mother.

This triumphant day passed, however, and Douglas soon returned to his home and mother for a rest from his business life. All the weary, lonely months spent by the mother were now forgotten and it is needless to say how proud she was with her son.

In later years he came back before the world and was honored and feted by many who loved his works of art. But none of his triumphs did he enjoy and remember as much as his first one, the presentation of "His Madonna."

For Old Time's Sake.

We take pleasure in publishing the following extracts of the letters of our former instructors.

Written by Miss Cleary to Edith Pasalacqua:

"I am going to teach this year at La Mesa, a pretty little place about eleven miles from San Diego. They are introducing High School work into the school and I am to have charge of it. I can come home at the end of each week, so shall practically be at home all the year.

"I have just returned from a trip to La Mesa, to make final arrangements before the opening of school, that is to take place on the tenth of September, so my vacation is very short now.

"I have a small Brownie kodak which I have not used for a long time, but I think

I may take it out with me. If I do and succeed in getting any fair pictures I will send you some to give you an idea of my surroundings this year."

Extract from a letter written by Miss Cornish to Mr. J. S. Williams.

"Minnesota looks very beautiful now, all the fields and hills are so fresh and green. The season is two weeks late, so the grain is only just turning yellow. The weather has been delightfully cool all summer, and many Southerners are encamped around its thousand lakes. Our beautiful lakes and woodlands have become famed, and yearly attract thousands of visitors.

"We spent the Fourth in Mill Valley, and the day after my sister and I left for the South. No doubt the Healdsburg teachers

THE SOTOYOMAN

were in Los Angeles when we were, but I did not see any of them, as we left there July 8th. We had such a lovely time taking in the sights around there, climbed Mount Lowe, spent a day at beautiful Catalina, and stopped all along the coast coming up. Isn't Santa Barbara lovely? We visited the old Mission there and took a drive along the beach. At Monterey we saw the old capital and other government buildings of the early days; visited Pacific Grove and stopped at Del Monte. I think that is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw. Coming north we spent an afternoon in the Big Tree grove at Santa Cruz. The trees are magnificent. No doubt you saw them long ago, and the hollow trunk in which General Fermont slept with twenty of his men fifty years ago. I had met a Chicago friend on the way, and when we got back to Berkeley I spent two or three days showing her about the Bay. One day we went up Mount Tamalpais—Edith Passalacqua was along, too.

"I did not leave my brother's till the 14th, and then I stayed till the 19th with another brother who is a doctor at La Moine, near Mount Shasta, so you see I was a long time in getting out of California. It is very beautiful up there in the mountains, and I had a lovely, restful time. Then I went on to Portland where I found some old college friends. That is a very beautiful city, and I was sorry to leave it after so short a visit. Reaching Seattle I found another old college friend, who gave me a very pleasant time. The growth of the place is something wonderful and no doubt it will be a great city some day. They have noble old Mount Rainier always to look at. I hardly know which is the more beautiful, Shasta, Hood or this one, with their dazzling white domes hanging, as if in mid-air. I took the boat at midnight Sunday, the night after that terrible accident on the Columbia, and crossed Puget Sound to Victoria, where we

had two hours to look around the quaint, handsome British city. Then we came over to Vancouver, wending our way among the countless islands that dot the waters, in all a 187-mile trip by boat. It was certainly lovely.

"Both Seattle and Vancouver have splendid harbors, and shipping from all parts of the world may be seen here. From the latter place I took the Canadian Pacific, and for two days passed through some of the grandest scenery I have ever beheld. It was a constant delight, as there was a full moon, which lent a peculiar charm to the wonderful view of mountain, sky and river. Then for a day and a half we passed over what seemed limitless reaches of prairie where it looked as if one could walk straight out into the sunset.

I stopped two days at La Moure, North Dakota, to visit the family of our poor little friend, Miss Diesem. Her father is still heartbroken, but I hope he will some day be reconciled. Time is a great healer. Her trunks that Miss Cleary and I packed directly after her death and freighted home, never reached there until just before I did, so I had the sad duty of unpacking them. I went out to the cemetery and laid some flowers on her grave among the withered petals that had come thousands of miles from her loving friends in Healdsburg. It seems so strange to think it was she who was lying there, for it was only the other day she was with us, so full of life and hope. Her father wished to be remembered to all the kind people in Healdsburg.

"I visited a sister three days in Minneapolis, and walked once more the shady paths of my alma mater. My brother-in-law teaches debate and oratory in the university there. The city looks wonderfully beautiful this summer with its long avenues of trees and sweeps of beautiful lawns. All Minnesota looks so fresh and lovely."

One Day of the Lives of Two Boys.

All the world seemed to be at rest after the heat of the summer day. There was one exception, and that the Brown household. All the inmates were searching every place where two small boys could possibly be.

The boys in question, Joe and Will, had gone to the Chinamen's camp that afternoon, broken all the dishes, and buried chop sticks and kettles, with the provisions.

When the Chinamen came in after their hard, warm day's work, they were tired and in a mood not agreeable to jokes. A fire was started, then the cook went for a pot to cook the rice in, but no pot was to be found, and next he discovered that there was no rice. By this time there was considerable pow-wow in the camp. Mr. Brown was found and told of the deed.

The Chinamen had started towards camp as a neighbor stopped and called to Mr. Brown. This friend, a short and very fat man, was much excited and said, "Brown, we have been friends for many years, since we roughed it together in early days, but I will be an enemy if those two rascals of yours, Joe and Will, don't stop playing their practical jokes on me."

"Well, now, I don't know what they have done to you, but they have been in mischief all day, and I'll certainly pay them for it when I catch them. What is the joke they played on you?"

"I was down town this afternoon and on my way home home, about four o'clock, just in the bend of the road up there—all of a sudden right under my horse's nose—(and she was going, too)—the very road seemed to fly up. The horse stopped still and over the dashboard I went, head first. When I sat up I saw my horse going up the road and two small boys running down. I

looked to see what had caused the disturbance and saw where they had buried some powder and lighted it in time to frighten my horse. I can't run or I would have caught those youngsters and they wouldn't have walked for a month." When this speech was finished the speaker wiped the perspiration from his face with his bright red bandana.

Mr. Brown answered him that he would justly punish the mischief makers, then bade his friend good bye and turned towards the house, when he saw the district teacher coming up the road. He greeted her pleasantly with a "Good evenin', ma'am."

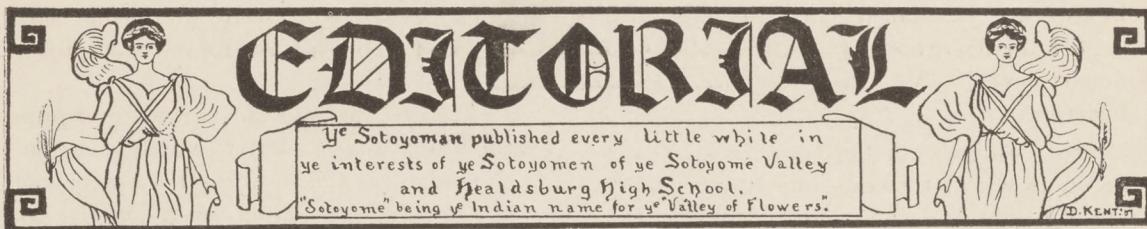
She began at once by saying, "Mr. Brown, I am in a great deal of trouble and want your help. I am sure you will aid me."

"I'll do all I can, Miss, if you'll tell me about it," kindly replied Mr. Brown.

"It is this," she answered. "At noon today Joe put some bats in my desk and when I opened it to get the register they flew straight at my head. I am very much afraid of them. Quite a disturbance was caused until they were chased out of the room. But that is not all. I kept Joe after school and was scolding him when Willie silently came up behind me and put a live mouse on my shoulder. This was more than I could stand so I let both boys go. I wish you would please make the boys stop playing their tricks at school."

Mr. Brown thought these good jokes, remembering the times he had played similar ones, but kept a sober face and assured the teacher "I will 'tend to those youngsters." He went to the house, called the boys but received no answer.

This is the reason the members of the Brown home were all searching. Poor Mrs.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Constance Cooke '08	Editor-in-Chief
Hettie Kent '08	Assistant Editor
Dallas Wagers, '08	Business Manager
Fred Young, '09	Assistant
Jessie Boss, '08	Literary Editor

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITORS

Addie Crispin, '08; Bera Mothorn, '10; Carroll Waterman, '09; Vera Nelligan, '11.

ART STAFF

David Grove, '09	Staff Artist
Genevieve Gladden, '11; Bertha Meyer, '09	Assistants

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Theo Brown, '08	Alumni
John Fisher, '09	Joshes
Rachel Fisher, '08	Social
Kathleen Swisher, '10	Girls Athletics
Homer Coolidge, '09	Boys Athletics
Floyd Bailey, '08	Senate
Audrey Walters, '09	School Notes
Dallas Wagers '08	Exchanges

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School having opened so late in the month it was decided best not to publish the Sotoyoman until October, and the issue could appear about the first of the month. After all, there is much in that old saying, "Start right," and we hope to arrange it so that each number will be punctual in its appearance.

After a long summer vacation of ten weeks school opened on September 10th and all were seemingly glad to be back at their accustomed places.

This term we miss many familiar and loved faces from the student-body and faculty as well; then, too, what a number of strange faces drew our attention at first!

Perhaps it is not out of place even at such a late date, to extend, through the Sotoyoman, a hearty welcome to those dear little Freshmen, especially. Probably the four years ahead of you seem long indeed—and the way rough and rugged—but, after you have become accustomed to your new home and its necessary, though pleasant duties, we know you will not regret having entered High School life. Again, we welcome you and wish you every possible success and joy in the future.

We miss our much-loved principal of last term, Prof. G. W. Warren, who, during his principalship, was untiring in his efforts to benefit our school in every way. It was through Mr. Warren's zeal that the gold medal was obtained and offered as a reward to the student who should, at the close of the term, stand highest in scholarship, attendance, punctuality and deportment. The good which has resulted from this effort of Mr. Warren's is greater and more lasting than we perhaps imagine. Those of us who tried for the medal and lost were benefitted as well as he who won it, Lewis Green, '08, and those who did not try for it are no doubt aware of an opportunity lost.

As Prof. Warren's successor we have Prof. H. R. Bull, whom we have long since learned to esteem and love. Prof. Bull served as principal for many years previous to his resignation last year. We welcome him into our midst again.

Other new members of the faculty are Miss Chapin, of Los Angeles, instructor in mathematics and typewriting; Miss Meyer,

history and German teacher, and Miss Mary Leddy, in charge of the English and Latin department. We welcome these and heartily.

Prof. Hinckley, of the commercial department, is with us again—surely our “happy family” would not be complete without him.

Let us say a word in favor of the various school activities. Let every student consider it his privilege, rather than duty, to take part in some of these activities at least. Aside from the school work nothing could be more beneficial to the student than to assist in the debates; then there is basketball for the boys as well as the girls, which affords invigorating and needful exercise; and also our boys expect to do wonders along the line of athletics this term. Boost them along!

We do not feel it necessary to urge your help, as everyone was so ready to respond last term, but we hope that each and every student will feel a personal interest in “Ye Sotoyoman” and will give us their earnest support, for we have determined to make the paper better this year than it has been before. It was given over into our hands

in an excellent condition by the former staff—but still there is always room for improvement.

We are glad to have the privilege of publishing the following letter, which gives encouragement for the future. It was received by our business manager from Prof. J. S. Sweet, of the Santa Rosa Business College, who has always been one of our liberal advertisers.

Mr. Dallas Wagers,
Healdsburg, Cal.

“My Dear Mr. Wagers:

“Upon my return from Los Angeles I find your bill awaiting me and hasten to make remittance.

“The last number of your magazine is all right. Your people should be very proud that a city of the size of Healdsburg can do so well. Of all the High School magazines that come to us none of them rank higher than does the Sotoyoman.

“Wishing all the students of the Healdsburg High a pleasant vacation and a successful future, believe me sincerely and cordially yours,

“J. S. SWEET.”

***** Joshes and Jingles.

The smallest member of the first year Class accidentally slipped into a crack in the floor of the Assembly Hall during the first week of school. He was found some time later by a rescue party who were making a diligent search, with microscopes, for him.

Does A. B. like to be chaperone for H. A. and V. A.?

Why does C. D., '11, blush so when the young ladies whisper to him?

Mr. B. (to Physics Class)—“Keep this block in your head.”

The Class is wondering how many blockheads there will be in the Class.

F. M., '08, to V. A., '08—“Are you going to take Dutch?” (Meaning German.)

V. A.—“I would if I could; but I can’t get him.”

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—Two shoes, number thirteens. Finder please return the same to C. H., '11, and receive a reward.

School Notes.

After a very enjoyable vacation we have nearly all returned to our dear old school house to take up our studies with renewed energy.

We start this year with a new faculty excepting, of course, Prof. Hinchey. Our former instructor, Prof. H. R. Bull, has returned to us, and is again our principal. The other teachers are the Misses Leddy, Meyer and Chapin.

In Vacation Time.

Rachael Fisher, '08, spent several weeks with friends in Los Angeles, where she won first prize in an elocution contest.

Dallas Wagers, '08, spent a week visiting friends in Berkeley.

Uua Williams, '09, spent a few weeks with her sister in Alameda.

Melville McDonough, '09, enjoyed a week's visit to San Francisco.

Stella Lufkin had a pleasant visit in Sacramento.

A good many of the students have enjoyed camping trips this year. Among them were: Jessie Boss, '08; Theo Brown, '08; Kathleen Swisher, '10; Veta Adams, '08; Helen Young, '09; Gertrude Fields, '09; Edith Fields, '10; Geneva and Genevieve Gladden, Elizabeth Fox; Audry Walters, '10; Fred Young, '09; Chester Ferguson, '10; Edwin Graves, '10; Floyd Bailey, '08; Royal Vitousek, '08; Herbert Amesbury, '08; Edward Beeson, '09; Frank Meisner, '08.

Herbert Amesbury has returned to school this term.

Elizabeth Fox, formerly a resident of Healdsburg, is now attending school here as a member of Class '09.

Miss Mary Cleary, one of our instructors

last year, is now teaching near San Diego.

A meeting of the girls interested in basketball was held recently. They are greatly encouraged with the future prospects of their athletics.

Minnie Smith, formerly a member of the commercial department, is now bookeeping.

We regret the absence of Dahlia Hopman, '10, who is now attending the St. Helena Convent.

Class '08 met last month and elected Dallas Wagers as their temporary president.

Rachael Fisher won the gold medal recently in the Demorest oratorical contest.

The Freshman Class have organized, with Joe Thompson as President, and Elva Beeson as Vice President.

A short meeting of the boys was held in the interest of athletics on September 19th after school.

Edith Buchanan, a member of the Sophomore Class of '06 for a while, is back in Healdsburg attending the P. U. C.

The girls have organized a chorus and hope to make it a success. All are interested and anxious for the training.

The Juniors met last month and elected John Fisher as President.

The officers for Class '10 are as follows: President, Blanche Prunty; Vice President, Edwin Graves; Secretary, Geneva Gladden.

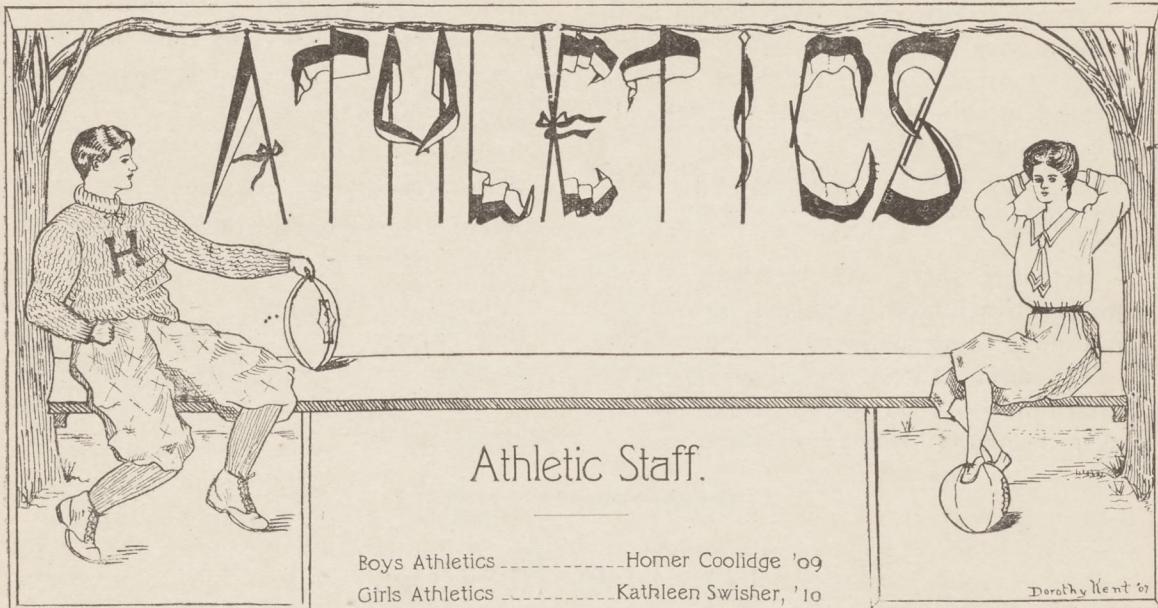
Ray Welch is back this year.

Herwood Griffiths, '08, of B. H. S., is attending H. H. S. this term.

Miss M. (in German)—"Is the mouse green or gray?"

C. F., '10 (loudly)—"The mouse is green."

The latest dye for the hair is strawberry blonde. The prescription may be obtained from R. S., '11.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Greatly encouraged by the good showing that was made the latter part of last term, the girls in the H. H. S. basketball team hope and expect to raise the standard of their playing and come to the front as far as possible in the basketball world.

All the players in last year's team are here and, with new material, we certainly should do something that will make the school proud of its girls' basketball team.

As yet we haven't sent or received any challenges, as we have been in school but two weeks and are scarcely settled. We expect to begin practicing very soon, and then will issue our challenges.

Last year, at times, the team was greatly discouraged on account of the few girls who came out to play.

This term we want as many girls as possible to practice, as it is really their duty, for the victories are not for the team but for the High School as a whole. But without good practice we cannot be victorious in match games, so let us bear this in mind

and help the team on to victory.

The officers for the coming term are as follows: Dr. Kinley, Manager; Nua Williams, Treasurer, and Kathleen Swisher, Captain.

BOYS' ATHLETICS.

A new athletic association is now being formed among the boys with a new constitution, which will be a great improvement upon the old association.

The new constitution provides for various things which were not mentioned in the old one.

The boys are now training hard on the track—training with the kind of determination that wins—and expect to be in good condition for the fall meets.

Meeting of Representatives.

On Saturday, September 21st, there was a meeting of representatives to the Sonoma-Mendocino Academic Athletic League. The meeting was called to order by President Sweet in his office at the Santa Rosa Business College.

Strange to say, every High School in the League was represented, which is something unusual, to say the least. It was decided at this meeting that the next field day would take place at Ukiah on November 2, 1907. Mr. V. S. Hildreth was elected secretary, and he will take charge of the meet.

Hereafter there will be three sets of judges at each meet, in order to get through in time to catch the homeward-bound train.

The discus throw was made a regular event in the field days held under the auspices of the League hereafter.

A few slight changes were made in the order of the track events, and the field events will take place as follows:

- Event I.—Pole vault.
- Event II.—High jump.
- Event III.—Broad jump.
- Event I.—Hammer throw.
- Event II.—Discus throw.
- Event III.—Shot put.

The hammer throw and pole vault will take place at the same time, also the high jump and discus throw, and the broad jump and shot put.

To The Rescue.

Two days had passed since I had been set adrift. Still no help was visible; my position was almost unbearable. On the previous night my few provisions had been lost by the overturning of the boat.

And now, half starved and partly naked, I lay on the overturned boat, where I had scrambled, wet and bedraggled. My only occupation was watching the sea birds as they flew above my head, assuring me that land existed somewhere any way. I was fearful lest each moment would be the last.

It must have been nearing the noon hour for the rays of the sun seemed coming straight down with a force behind them, when I realized I would soon perish unless rescued at once. My strength was fast failing and I resolved whatever the outcome or result, even if I should loose my balance, to take one last look. Raising my head in order to scan the water line, imagine my joy when, not far in the distance behind me, I beheld a ship under full sail. Almost instantly a pang of utter helplessness shot

through my mind, for although the ship was at no great distance, I could never hail it. Suddenly, as if by instinct, the ship turned and appeared to be making straight toward me.

My heart leaped! I raised my right hand in the air and at the same time gripped a firmer hold on the boat.

Imagine my rapture when the ship dropped sail and a rope was thrown to me. I was drawn on board and there surrounded by the crew. I told the story of my life at sea. How, after working as messenger boy for a number of years on the ship I learned of a conspiracy among the crew. How it was eventually found out that I had discovered the plot and I was then set adrift in a small boat with but scant provisions.

It was in this helpless condition and at the critical moment before stated, that I was rescued and saved from the watery grave in the ocean.

VETA ADAMS, '08.

H. H. S. ALUMNI.

Miss Ethel White and Antionette Luce, of '05 are concluding their work at the San Jose Normal.

Miss Gertrude Coffman, of '07, expects to leave for Philadelphia in a short time to complete her education.

Miss Mabel Phillips, of '02, left last month for Volta, Merced county, to resume her work as a teacher.

Miss Daisy Richardson, of '02, has charge of her old school at Grants.

Miss Mamie Schwab, of '04, has a position in the Healdsburg Grammar School.

Miss Nina Luce and Florence Wright, of '05, enjoyed a week's vacation at Guerneville last month.

Miss Leiota Wilcox, of '04, is teaching in Geyserville.

Miss Cora Craig, of '07, has accepted a position as bookkeeper in Beck's livery

stable.

Will Wilson, of '07, is attending the Adventist College.

Charlie Miller, of '05, has accepted a position in the Farmers and Mechanics Bank.

Miss Prudy Lewis, of '03, is teaching the Felta Creek school.

Miss Hilda Kent, of '07, has entered U. C.

Fred Newsome, of '04, is serving as pastor for the Geyserville church.

Miss May Banks, of '07, has entered San Jose Normal.

Miss Leonore Redding, of '95, is teaching in the Berkeley Grammar School.

Mrs. Emma Malan, of '94, is teaching in the Healdsburg Grammar School.

Miss Willie Payne, of '97, has gone East for her health.

One Day of the Lives of Two Boys.

(Continued from Page Seven)

Brown thought they had probably fallen into the Sacramento river that ran in front of the house. After much searching the family gathered in the orchard to decide what to do or where to look.

Mrs. B. said to Mr., "You promise not to whip them when we find them." He promised, for he always did as she said.

By this time it was dark and just after Mr. Brown's promise two small boys dropped on the ground in the midst of the party. They had been hiding in a tree and knew if they stayed there long enough they would escape punishment, and they did.

This is the one day of many passed by the two boys and one time of many that they escaped chastisement.

STELLA LUFKIN, '08.

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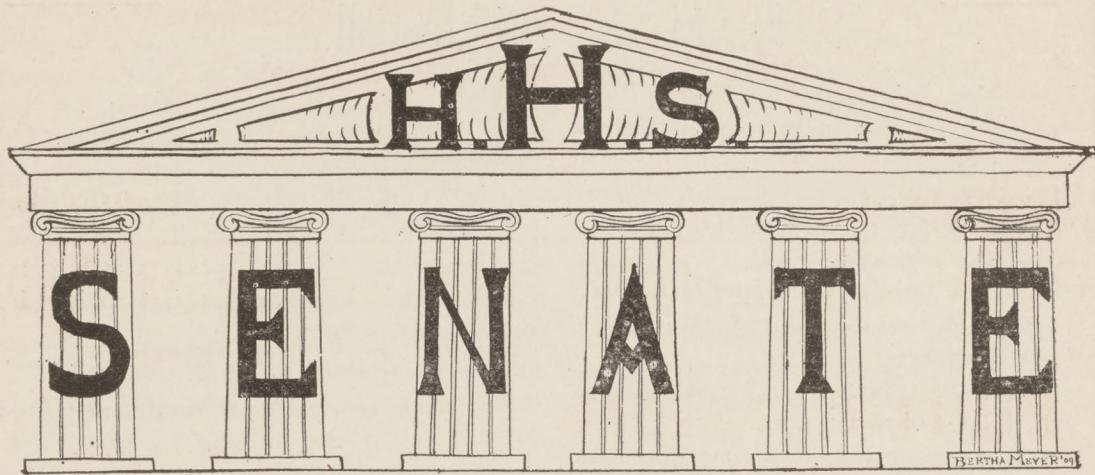
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Although the Healdsburg High School Congress is not yet in open session, it is expected to resume business in the near future. We are sorry to say that we lost a number of our best debaters upon the graduation of the '07 Class. Yet a few of the old speakers remain, and with the assistance of the new and inexperienced congressmen the next session will undoubtedly be a busy one. Everyone is urged to take an active part in Congress. If you have ideas get up and express them; that is all we ask of you. I believe that it

is needless to say that the "Freshies" are expected not only to take an interest, but also an active part in all questions coming before the Senate.

Many of the students, upon being asked to debate, have answered: "Oh, I can't debate, ask someone else." This is not at all the right view to take of the subject. Always believe that you can do a thing until it is conclusively proven that you cannot. As a prominent debater once said, "If anyone is fool enough to ask you to debate, you be fool enough to debate."

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